

GUIDE

**Book cover
and inside
pages:
Materials**

Book cover and inside pages materials

For the content pages of most novels and text books 80 or 90gsm paper – either white or cream – is ideal. Technical publications are more often printed on coated papers, 130gsm silk often being the first choice of authors.

Depending on the type of publication and its binding there are a number of material options:

Bookwove 80 or 90gsm white

Bookwove 80 or 90gsm cream

Silk 130, 150 and 170gsm

Gloss 130, 150 and 170gsm

Colour plate sections are generally printed on 130gsm silk or gloss

Perfect bound covers:

250, 300 and 350gsm silk

250, 300 and 350gsm gloss

options: gloss or matt laminated to the outer (special laminations on request)

Case bound (hardback)

Usually cloth (colour range available) on board, foiled on the spine, with or without printed dustjacket on 130gsm – optionally laminated

Special materials subject to availability

Sample materials are available on request.

Also see [Typesetting Samples Guide](#)

found out where I was by and by, and she sent a man over to try to get hold of me; but pap drove him off with the gun, and it warn't long after that till I was used to being where I was, and liked it--all but the cowhide part.

It was kind of lazy and jolly, laying off comfortable all day, smoking and fishing, and no books nor study. Two months or more run along, and my clothes got to be all rags and dirt, and I didn't see how I'd ever got to like it so well at the widow's, where you had to wash, and eat on a plate, and comb up, and go to bed and get up regular, and be forever bothering over a book, and have old Miss Watson pecking at you all the time. I didn't want to go back no more. I had stopped cussing, because the widow didn't like it; but now I took to it again because pap hadn't no objections. It was pretty good times up in the woods there, take it all around.

But by and by pap got too handy with his hick'ry, and I couldn't stand it. I was all over welts. He got to going away so much, too, and locking me in. Once he locked me in and was gone three days. It was dreadful lonesome. I judged he had got drowned, and I wasn't ever going to get out any more. I was scared. I made up my mind I would fix up some way to leave there. I had tried to get out of that cabin many a time, but I couldn't find no way. There warn't a window to it big enough for a dog to get through. I couldn't get up the chimbley; it was too narrow. The door was thick, solid oak slabs. Pap was pretty careful not to leave a knife or anything in the cabin when he was away; I reckon I had hunted the place over as much as a hundred times; well, I was most all the time at it, because it was about the only way to put in the time. But this time I found something at last; I found an old rusty wood-saw without any handle; it was laid in between a rafter and the clapboards of the roof. I greased it up and went to work. There was an old horse-blanket nailed against the logs at the far end of the cabin behind the table, to keep the wind from blowing through the chinks and putting the candle out. I got under the table and raised the blanket, and went to work to saw a section of the big bottom log out -- big enough to let me through. Well, it was a good long job, but I was getting towards the end of it when I heard pap's gun in the woods. I got rid of the signs of my work, and dropped the blanket and hid my saw, and pretty soon pap come in.

Pap warn't in a good humor -- so he was his natural self. He said he was down town, and everything was going wrong. His lawyer said

Caslon – 11/13

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